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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST. SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1529.

Original Novelet.

SHANNONDALE;

OR,

THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "RETRIBUTION," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs Emma D E N Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XL.

THE SILENT CRIME CONFESSED.

Ah! watch betrayed the sponse of God in vain,
Confessed within the slave of love and man.

Pope.

I was all for a long time after that ceremony. When I recovered, the world had lost its charms. Indeed I had ever possessed but few; and I resolved to follow the example of my sister. I determined to enter the priesthood. I re-entered my college and commenced a course of theological reading the same year. I became intimately of my fellow—students—almost as much as when novelists. I grew to think that I was called to it. I think so still. I grew more—cheerful. In due course of time I was ordained to the sacred ministry. Here I made many friends, loved congregations, and found myself very happy in my calling, until one day, when I received a letter from the Reverend Mother Superior of the Carmelite Convent, of which my sister was the reverend mother. Imagine the overwhelming sorrow with which I learned that my sister had her convent, abjured her religion, and had fled from it, no one knew whither, and left behind her a letter, without saying one word to any one as to the cause of my journey. I, myself, knew the neighborhood and repaired to the convent, to learn from the particulars of her flight. At last the Abbess had written was evident, that my name was told me. Veronica had fled, and the Reverend Mother begged me to follow her, by the first and fascinating man, of high rank, and of irreproachable reputation certainly—and yet, in my way, I had sometimes seen in my father's house, and had met with at the last year of our stay at home, when Veronica was about fifteen years of age. I had paid the beautiful child rather marked attention. How that conduct seemed to her again, I know not, he restricted to wife her away, no one knew. They were married by appointment of the priest of the Protestant Church. He had formed the acquaintance of the young lady, and the two had secretly yielded the considerable property she had left to the institution. I learned that he had taken her home to a beautiful seat in one of the lower counties of Maryland, that formed an estate of her grandfather, and where they lived in a way I was deeply grieved, but the marriage was beyond recall. I, however, returned in deep mortification to my pastoral charge, and wrote many letters to my sister, exhorting her, with every argument and persuasion in my power, at least to return to the bosom of the mother church. I received a few letters in reply, full of loving kindness, but in little or no effect. I never heard from her again, but received an answer. A second time I wrote to her, and received her with letters. Several years elapsed, and then came a learning of the heart to the tender manner of my childhood, that obliged me to set out on the journey, though, reluctantly, from my duty. I travelled on horseback, and it took me six days to reach the seaside of the Patuxent, where her home lay. I arrived at night, and learning there the aged overseer, who had always been my sister's friend, I went to his house at once. The old man, with his aged wife, now lived in the mansion, having charge of the place. The large, old-fashioned parlor, where his wife received me, was much comfortable. He took my hat and gloves, laid them aside, and then received some chair in the rarest corner of the whole fire-place, and with his pipe and tobacco pitcher of color and a tumbler, by my side. Then repairing the old style to business, he drew from the other grand arm chair to the opposite corner of the fire-place, and sitting down prepared to entertain me if I were inclined to converse. I had no time in inquiring after my sister's health, and then I told him that I had. He gave me the following facts, which I shall, for convenience sake, put into my own words.

When Frank Jay first brought his bride home he furnished the house with much taste and elegance. His mother and sister, Mrs. Bertie and Mrs. —the most exclusive of the county aristocracy, declared they would have nothing to do with the upstart from a convent had preceded them, but in that Protestant neighborhood, only made the beautiful bride more an object of interest and curiosity. Great attention was shown them, especially as her family was one of the oldest and most aristocratic connected in the county. On their parts soon, the claim to hospitality were unanimously dispensed. A series of dinners, evening parties, and very select parties succeeded each other. These were soon followed by the entertainments of the neighborhood county seats. They were greatly admired, and were also the accomplished host and beautiful hostess. This was, of course, a very charming change in the simple recluse, who now found herself a great lady on a small scale, the center of an admiring circle of friends.

A severe winter screened upon them, however; the snow was deep, the roads were bad, and the waters of the bay near the shore were crowded into the neighborhood. Frank Jay's business interests also compelled him to visit Baltimore for Veronica. It was with a gay adieu that the husband and wife parted from before her. Veronica had, just at this time, an attack of her old religious fancies, and, as the days grew shorter, the greater he fervidity; the resolution of her monastery enthusiasm at the convent. "The greater the fervidity, the greater the fall," is a familiar proverb. The convent of that appointed to the time, and sitting down prepared to entertain me if I were inclined to converse. I had no time in inquiring after my health of the following facts, which I shall, for convenience sake, put into my own words.

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and soft comforters, missing himself with a bowl of chicken soup, while Charlie Vultimorte sat, with his head supporting cushion, on her sofa, and Miss Mattie stood, with her pistol, inflicting cuts, on the other side. In spite of all he had said about fighting, he was very much better, indeed, and sipped the savory chicken soup, and consumed his mouth after mouth, in a way that made good Miss Mattie's digestive organs thrill in sympathy and joy. Well! Father Burleigh was not the first man that tried and prostrated upon his death-bed, and that good Father Burleigh will find. Neither was he the first man that ever punished his own speedy death, and turned out a false prophet. Good Father Burleigh will be sorry he if he had taken out a new lease for his life, and meant to something his body to enjoy it withal!—he then put the bowl to his lips, and drained it, and then he asked dear Mattie if there was any more in the pot? Of course there was; and Father Burleigh got it—blow him for one month!" Miss Mattie said, as she carried out the empty bowl the second and last time, leaving Charlie to assume the contraband.

"Now you may tell me, if you please, about Frank Jay's escape, and when it was, and all about it! God bless Frank Jay, how much I am obliged to him for coming to life! God bless Frank Jay, I love him so much! Is there anything you know of that I can do to serve him? said the old man, earnestly.

"How strange your joy is, father! I was about to say, how irrational! Just contemplate it! Almost without your fault a man loses his life; at least without intending it, you killed him (you think), and you are overwhelmed by grief, remorse, and terror. Without your intervention—without any merit of yours, the man comes to life,—or, *to light*!—and you are bursting yourself with joy. Now, is this reasonable? You see the man and now that you were less weak—nothing you have done or left undone has produced this change, why not say that you were so unsurmpassed?"

"Charlie Vultimorte, you are irreverent to old age. I command you to read Fenelon on humility and reverence, but first tell me how these things came to your knowledge—*how at all*, then, and tell Mattie that I am hungry again, and ask her to have me some more soup, my dear!"

Charlie Vultimorte rang the bell, gave the order, and then, with a renewed gravity, narrated his best, and commenced his explanation.

"Father, you were with Miss Horton at her death-bed?"

"Yes—"

"By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sooner's parting seen.
But never sought I for the life and
I could not bear it! I resigned my post to you, with your utmost miraculous skill!"

"Yes, I was with her at her last hours. I was with her when she died. I received her confession. I gave her absolution—"

"You received her confession! You gave her absolution?"

"Yes! She had a lucid interval before her death. We improved that. She was not *at rest*—if she had been, she would have rested—the good that was in her would not have taken such a vengeance upon her at the end. I *is* of her confession that I wish to speak. It is not her request that I make a part of it, which concerns the welfare of others, public?"

"Claude!—Claude Vultimorte!—some—something! but you, could have selected the haughty and rebellious one of that evil girl!—haughty and rebellious, even in her madness!—some one who could have won from her a confession, or dared to have received it!"

"Death is a great tamer. She passed away peacefully as a child—her last breath breathed out upon my bosom. I was not afraid of the sin-burned young lion!" You mean by her whole sense!—you did not know all that awoke in her wicked. / Judge not, lest ye be judged." You will lose less hatred of your foe, when you know all her dreadful wrongs—her soul-stories. It is too painful a subject to relate in detail; neither am I willing to fatigue you with it. In one word, Miss Horton is really and truly the daughter of Frank Jay, by his second wife, whom he, in the third year of his widowhood, married, under his name of Horton."

"You astound me!"

"She was informed of her father's history, and of your connection with it—that you supposed yourself his murderer, while she knew that he lived—thus she had you in her power, through your terror, and not through your guilt."

"*Fool!* fool! I was! You, I see it *is* now! But, his escape!—tell me how that happened?"

"Very simply—your hero upon his head he stunned him—you plunged him into the water whose waves returned him upon the beach insensible—the stunned recovered him. He restored—got up—recalled his scattered senses—resolved upon a fearful vengeance on his would-be murderer, and carried his resolution into effect."

What vengeance could be so awful as that to break upon him—inflicting your miracle with an awful remorse and terror? He hinted about the very neighborhood in a day or two; heard of the death of his beloved wife—believed in spite of all his vows—found out your adoption of her adopted daughter—saw that she stood in the way to tread on you—is listening to claim her when he had sufficiently revenged himself upon you—must be changed you with, and hated you because you could not pronounce a of his wife's daughter—for your instinctly ceasing for death, and for bereavement, and for your deadly assault upon him, and Heaven only knows, for how many other imaginary reasons besides—for hatred has many and various inexplicable causes. He did not remain in the neighborhood, where he was constantly in danger of being recognized as a convict, and to whom he had only come in secrecy, to repossess himself of his wife. He left—in a few days. He wandered about the country for two years—at last went to Georgetown, took a new name, and after a brief mercantile experience with her, married the daughter of his benefactor, Mary Darling the mother of Nina. He lived very unhappily with his second wife. In the third year of their marriage, Nina was born. They continued to live very quietly with Mrs. Darling until Nina was seven years of age, then the old lady died, and his possessing himself of all the property she left, converted it into ready-money—invested it in stocks, and was called in extreme destitution. Nina's mother was an extremely a good woman, and wrong had made her worse. She evidently brought up her daughter badly. When Nina was sixteen or seventeen years old, she was selected by her distant relative, Spaine Darling, as a companion for his daughter."

"Oh, yes! I know all that! and I know his machinations to marry Mary to Ardente, and suppose! but to her father's horror—and I know the letter she inflicted on me, in heaping out to her purpose—oh me something I do to know!" and the old untold, impatiently.

"I am about to do," replied Claude Vultimorte, good-humouredly. "Soon after Nina's arrival here, she received a letter from her long-lost father; who, it appears, had never quite lost trace of either of her daughters."

"Either of her daughters! Good Heavens!—why, sure enough! Harriette and Nina were half sisters! Claude Reverse, she is dead!"

"He wrote to Nina—and after a few letters, informed her that the period of the person where she was, had a sister upon his remaining, and for which she might make her letters, if she pleased her cards right. Miss Horton began to write you closely. Then her father chanced to inquire, in one of his letters, if she had met Sherriff Jay, the present's name—and to bind that his secret crime was connected with the entirely of that young man. Unfortunately, he and some unlucky circumstances, thus associated the fact that Harriette was not his child, but had owned a nearer and dearer relationship to you—however, he got in perhaps a sentence or two, was too cautious not to deal exclusively in generalities. She was in confidential correspondence with her father, however, and it evident that all her malign piece, with the single exception of her daughter's fidelity to Colonel Horton, encouraged and encouraged by her letter.

"She put down the marriage of Mary Darling and Edgar Ardenne, that her father, feeling for assurance of her sidelines, confided to her his own history, together with the secret and supposed crime. This, of course, put you completely at the mercy of your child's rapid, and did not hesitate to use her power?"

"No! it was the vague letter the marriage of Winny and Ardenne, that she told me, in so many words, that she knew my secret, and darkly threatened to deliver me up to the—"

"Fear guilt—a conviction! What good purport did she ever see? What good example did she ever see? Her mother was murdered in a high order carnage, spirit, and despair. With a good moral training, she would have made a very respectable woman. She was a most noble creature, utterly ruined, as her parents had been before her! Let us forget her!"

"Oh! the pestilences girl!—what gratitude, what sentiment she owed me!"

"What tortures she inflicted herself! though she had the fortitude and courage to conceal them! What tortures!—why, father!—they caused in cautious and in death! Ah! believe me, Father, as a general rule, however deeply the injured suffer, the injurer suffers more!"

"Don't! I can't! Ugh!—the horrible girl! Don't mention her to me again!—I realize my shudder!—my tooth chatter!—a—ring the bell, and tell Monica I am chilly. I want a nurse, hot cup of tea, and some cream toast!"

Claude command, and then said—

"There is a deity I am sure to perform. Squire Darling must be made acquainted with all the heard she had in pursuading and misleading the youthful lovers into, their ill-starred marriage. At the time I left, he was yet unable to bear any agitation—now, as soon as I can be spared, I must hasten to Oak Grove, and use my best efforts with Squire Darling for the recall of Ardenne."

"Go! and I will go with you—so shall Harriette—we will all use our united influence. Mrs. Somerset shall go also—and Mary—and Mary poor!—no shall Winny!—in shall the old lady! —come, we will all re-assemble at Oak Grove, as soon as ever I can get up, and that will be very soon!"

Claude Vultimorte's reply was arrested by the entrance of Miss Mattie with the tea-tray.

(to be continued.)

Original Lectures.

DR. RAPHALL'S LECTURES.

THE POST BIBLICAL HISTORY OF THE JEWS.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LECTURE II.

The second lecture delivered by Dr. Raphall excited much interest, the subjects enlarged upon being the Ammonee Kings—the Sanhedrim and the Asmonean Princes—the Herodian interval —and Judea a Roman Province. Dr. R. observed that the cruel persecutions of Ant. Epiphanes and roused the Jews in a war which restored the independence of Judea. Matthias and his sons were the heroes of the struggle, which kept the pact of merely advancing their own interests, but great, high-souled, daring men, who united pious and patriotic motives. Their zeal had latterly degenerated into a love of power—and they pursued their pre-eminence of rank by their preeminence in danger. They exchanged a life of war for one of ease, and for the pride of valor, until was likely to lead them to an untimely grave. They were united in the hatred of their countrymen. But their heirs appeared to the people in a far more questionable light. Their parents gave to the heirs a kind of claim, but the latter misinterpreted the sentiments of their own parents, which ought to have been kept distinct. John Hyrcanus first declared the Jews independent of Syria, and he accomplished his object after many battles. John Hyrcanus held a royal Sacerdotal dignity by the title of Ethnarch, or Chief of the People. During the long struggles which preceded the independence of Judea, the people had the sole power, and with the ingenity of all the powers of the State being held by one person. And now the case was crossed in his reign, whose struggles finally led to the rise of the Herods. Under the reign of John Hyrcanus, these sects remained quiet; but politically they insulted him by questioning the legitimacy of his birth. They pretended that his mother was none time a prisoner among the Syrians, and that he was the son of a peculiarly hateful among a people as jealous as the Jews, of purity of birth and legitimacy. But there could be no doubt of the legitimacy. John Hyrcanus was and wished that his sons's place as Chief Magistrate, should be on a footing that they by popular election. He died, and Aristobulus, his son, at once assumed the title of King and High-Priest of the Jews; and it was during his short reign that parties Hellenes came gave to Dr. R.) were formed, and that tradition obtained power. The Katha Kaia, was the first party that—or was formed—Aristobulus, the first Asmonean King, was the first who wore the white robe of High-Priest while the Syrians, Macedonians and Romans exercised power in Judea. The Asmonean princes were the first who bore Hebrew names. The people, in the reign of Aristobulus, were divided into Sadducees, Pharisees, and Essenes. Dr. R. who scrupulously observed, that when the people divided themselves into sects, they had the courage to adopt a Greek name (heresie) for the Sadducees, but that name was subsequently applied to all sects. Aristobulus died in prison, and his brother Alexander Jannai, succeeded. Jannai was a warrior and conqueror. He added to the Asmonean Kings, but also by the different sects, which were the Sadducees, the Pharisees, the Essenes, and thirdly, the Essenes, or Spiritualists. The Sadducees did not believe in the resurrection after death. They endeavored to combine the scripture with the traditions of the Pharisees and the Hebrews. They did not believe in the immortality of the soul, in the judgment or in the resurrection of the dead. They were the least Essential, owing to their wealth and rank. The Pharisees were the most numerous, and owing to the introduction of foreigners, and particularly to the Greeks. They adopted many of the Greek traditions. But we must not confound them with the Hypocrites, whose apparent sanctity was used as a cloak for unbounded wickedness. Hypocrites are enumerated in the Talmud, as much as they are in the Gospels. Dr. R. observed, that the Pharisees that our existence on earth was no more than a preparation for a future existence. The Essenes did not form a large sect. They repudiated marriage—and were an honest and virtuous race. Dr. R. in again adverting to the sects of the Maccabees, John, Simon, &c., observed that the people were always ready to join the standard of the Pharisees. But when John Hyrcanus conquered to the Samaritans, he destroyed and erased it the old Pharisee party. Then John Hyrcanus threw himself into the opposite party and became a Sadducee. This caused a great war, parallel between the chapter of John against the Samaritans, and the civil war between the Guelphs and the Parliament of England. Thus we find that in the reign of John Hyrcanus, the people were powerful parties among the Jews, between whom political rancour continually increased by the fact that the Jews had not that old sense of unity which had been so long their bond of union. But he and his Asmonean brethren had to contend with the Romans, who were to decrease; that they would have to contend with the Romans, who were to decrease; that they would have to contend with the Romans, who were to decrease; that they would have

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1860.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THE LATE JOHN MCDONOUGH.

The New Orleans papers of the 30th ult., are filled with accounts of the will of the late eccentric John McDonough, the Delta publishing it in full. It makes five closely printed columns. We give the following abstract from the True Delta.

He sets out by declaring that he was never married, and had no heirs living, either in the ascending or descending line.

He bequeaths to the children of his sister Jane, the widow of a Mr. Hamer, of Baltimore, the acres of ground in the county of Baltimore; the smallest of the property to go to the mother during her lifetime. In addition to this, he wills the same children the sum of $5,000, which he recommends her to let out at interest, or invest in stock. Next, " and by command," he wills the interest thereof supper by her aid age."—This is the only personal bequest he makes.

He directs the emancipation of ten slaves, to be selected by his executors, who are also to be reminded to " carefully scrutinize" the wills the manumission of the rest of his negroes, in order that the whole be ordered to be sent to Liberia, under the auspices of the Colonization Society, in the case of which he particularly directs no removals there, and makes an appropriation of $1,000 to defray those agricultural implements for them. The slaves who are to be emancipated in fifteen years, he says shall labor on his plantation; and the product of their labor, for the first five years, is to be divided by the executors of fifteen other negroes, who are, after the fulfillment of certain conditions, to be manumitted likewise. He enjoins upon the Colonization Society, confidently, the duty of the education to each of the negroes, on the eve of their departure for Liberia, and the making due provision out of gifts we have in our power to give or they to receive."

He bequeaths his real estate, with the exception of some bequests, which we notice below, to seven, in equal proportions, to the Mayors of New Orleans and New Orleans, of the former of which he has himself a native, for the better management and support of free schools " wherein the poor, (and free poor only,) of both sexes, of all classes and castes of color, shall have admittance free of charge." The Mayor of New Orleans shall always be used as a class or reading book in those institutions, and he shall have the governing shall be taught, and the children manuscript, and ciphering.

He inhibits the sale of any of the property, unless that it shall be a perpetual fund for the purposes to which he appropriates it, and he does not support the institutions, the establishment of which he provides for here.

To the Colonization Society he bequeaths one-eighth of the annual revenue of his estate for forty years, provided it shall not exceed twenty-five thousand dollars in the hands of Girard's Orphan Asylum. " of which Recently Chase was President in 1861," the money to be appropriated exclusively to the establishment of a free school at Baltimore, for the education of poor white children, and in the event of the failure of the Society to carry out the provisions of the will, shall be for here—the children " of the poorest class" within the limits of the city of New Orleans, to be selected by the executors, and free school upon the institution for admission; and the Mayor of New Orleans shall, ex officio, be the large cities and towns of the nation at large.

The rules of Baltimore and New Orleans, he says, lance should fail to faithfully carry out his bequests in Louisiana and Maryland, to be devoted to the education of the poor.

He cancels his will a very eccentric paragraph of the will, in which he attaches their property to every of the rich; assures the poor man that the property of the rich is not to be distributed, designating a few instances of " poor men" who have " got rich in a few words," he had not," he would, say, whatever he might have left them, he, leave them no more than sufficient to encourage them in habits of industry.

We understand that in his private instructions to the executors he requests that the property of his executors be collected and interred in the city of Baltimore, with the view to a more convenient removal over there. He likewise directs that the remains of his friend, Mr. Girard, should rest by his side, in the house occupied by the deceased in Bourbon street, which he bequeaths to the Mayor of New Orleans, in trust for the purposes mentioned, that another will, of a later date than that presented to the Probate Court, contains the identical instruction of the papers of the deceased, to be destroyed, but that, whereas the former instrument of the estate has taken steps to set the will aside as being void of clause, the latter will be found to demand good tolerable.

The executorship, and legal testimony of the lengthy document, is entrusted by a paragraph to the Mayor of New Orleans, and to the Mayor of Baltimore, for the time being, and to the Governor of Louisiana, for the time being.

" And I was near forgetting that I have still one more duty to perform, which is to bear my humble testimony to the attachment of all the inhabitants of this city, and of the State, for the Union of these States, and for the glory of our enforcement, to plant and water it, and to see it sound my grave. This little act will have a double result. It will open the eyes of those who are susceptible feats in gratitude, and love to their fellow citizens, for having shown to the world the humble instrument of His bounty to them; a poor, but lover of each like of that I have had to serve, at the same time, what they are, whether they come, and what they must submit."

In the portion of his will which concerns the properties of the poor against the rich, he makes several codicils in which this feeling was expressed, and which, we believe, has been the cause of others having left him. Some of these codicils we brought out against a rich widow lady, whose husband (a Mr. McDonough) had been a friend of his life-time, to assist that husband out of some embarrassments. The widow refused to sign the notes, and McDonough brought suit. The case came before a jury, and the Judge charged for the defendant, who had no legal defence against the suit. Against the judgment, the jury, with a view to prevent them to protect the poor widow and her orphan children against the machinations of the avaricious millionaire, John McDonough. The appeal was then taken, and the Judge, after reading a verdict for about ten per cent. on the face of the notes, which was paid. The jury, it is thought, were influenced by the Judge's charge by perseverance and intensity, I had accumulated a large fortune. Her sister was in poor circumstances. The latter had been in use about three years, and was regularly insured by the U. S. inspectors on the 14th of May last.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 145—males 50, and children 63.

Clippings.

—A singular discovery has been made in Madagascar. Fossil eggs of an enormous size have been found in the bed of a river. The shells are an eighth of an inch thick, and the circumference of the egg itself is two feet eight inches in diameter, and three feet six inches around the middle.

—The Charleston Mercury announces the Court meeting at Castle Gardens, as "another New York hoax," and says the Governor elect, began for the purpose of securing the profits of the Southern trade."

—A merchant was arrested the other day, in Cincinnati, while endeavoring to pick a man's pocket. He was in debt, was a bad speculator, and was just trying to get his head on.

—If in a log school house, a window, placed conspicuously upon the wall, may be seen the following poetic version of the eighth commandment:

" It is a no to steal a pin,
But if you choose to may steer."

—A boy twelve years of age died in Chillicothe, Virginia, lately, from excessive smoking. Some seventeen cases have been reported of late by narcotic poisons.

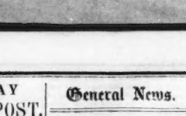
—Four feet good grazier, pile and mange cure upon a time were regarded in Virginia and Tennessee as infallible remedies for the bite of a mad dog. Others at 703 and '80. When a person, after experimenting upon other dishes, comes back to bacon and greens, it is called returning to first principles.

—Of those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. The other children grow, are numbered and are remembered, and under all the changes of mortality it still the one alone is reckoned an immortal child; for death has accented it with his kindly sternness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.

—Virginia, it is said, will have but one delegate to the Nashville Convention—Gen. Gaston, of Abermarle.

—A party of Bonaparte officers, enclosed in the ranks by the Americans, recently escaped in a sea-port town, and from thence to the United States Frigate Constitution, under the protection of the glorious stripes and stars.

General News.



THE OVERLAND EMIGRATION.

A writer in the Sacramento (California) Transcript, gives the following estimation this year: Men 30,000, women 7,000, children under 12,000 wagons 14,000, oxen 42,000, cows 2,000, horses 12,000, mules 8,000. The writer says:

" Of these, I think, that not more than half the same, not more than three-fourths of the number, and not so many as one-fourth of the horses, now survive, or will pass the Sierra Nevada mountains. And the fate of the remainder are they? Most of them are beyond the mountains; thousands of them in a destitute condition—a starving condition. Humboldt River, from its source to the Sink, will be the great scene of suffering; and the not that fatal sheet of the Desert, will, I fear, fall short of a majority of cases."

He states that relief, to be effective, must go beyond the Desert. He also says that the estimate of Capt. Wahle, that there are yet beyond the Desert 50,000, is correct.

The writer estimates that the property carried out by the emigrants was worth $10,000,000, of which not more than $2,000,000 will get into California. All the rest is consumed or abandoned on the road.

Capt. Wahle writes from the Great Meadows-Humboldt River, Sept. 19th, that he had met about 1,000 wagons that day, and that, at the latest, save the worn-out horses which had been turned out to die by the way, all the animals were living on food and patrol have finished—that the grass died down after the 1st, and not suffering has not arrived, if the supposition is correct, that twenty-five thousand are behind the Sink. It will be matter of impossible for ten thousand of this number to reach the mountains before the commencement of winter, and the probability is, that they will find those who have started ahead of them from 24 to twenty feet deep. All remember the fate of the Donner party."

A correspondent letter dated Truckee River, September 13 h, 1860, he states other facts in relation to the same subject. The writer estimates that the emigrants and the locality of the Indians will be the scene of fearful suffering, and that not appeal for help, to these unfortunate people. We sincerely hope his appeal will not be in vain.

J. Neely Johnson, Esq., has gone to Sonoma and Napa, to-day, on a visit to his family.

ASSUMING FERAL OF NATURE.—On Friday of last week, an old lady, aged 81 years, died at Cincinnati, under the following circumstances: For a few days prior to her death, it was discovered that a tumor existed in her abdomen, and on Friday last it was determined to open it. Before the knife had been applied, death, for the purpose of ascertaining, if possible, the cause of death. The post mortem examination revealed the fact that the tumor was a fetus, which, from its appearance, had been in the body for a period of about twenty years.

Accordingly, immediately after her death, a post mortem examination was held, and a body substance, of an oval shape, was removed. Upon the examination of the body substance, it was ascertained evening was but this, and that within it was a fetus, which, from appearances, had been for a period of twenty years. The woman must have carried that infant for forty years.

The circumstances which sustain this supposition are these: The woman, with whom she lived up to the time of her death, distinctly recollects that at one time she had engaged herself to be married, and went so far as to make all the preparatory preparations for the nuptials. Just at the moment of the consummation of the ceremony, she was taken with a violent pain in the abdomen, and was carried home. She was then delivered of a child, which, however, was dead. She was then delivered of a child, which, however, was dead. She was then delivered of a child, which, however, was dead

Selected Poetry.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE OLIO.]

THE GIFT OF A ROSE.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

I send thee, Mary, a sweet young rose,
Let it have for thy heart's spell of power;
For I plucked it fresh from its lovely soil,
On the blooming edge of that golden veil,
Where we stooped together so deeply blest
When the sun was low in the golden West,
And murmured our loves in burning words,
Till some at least had the flowers and birds
And lingered long on the dear sweet spot,
While our warm hearts knew, though our lips did not.

Mary, dear Mary, my thoughts still cluster
Each memory round of the loveliest hour,
To each tone more dear than the sweetest lute,
To each love word that ever was spoken or
wrote,
To the wild, deep thrill through each remaining
frame
From fingers warmed with a pulse of flame,
To each gentle tear, to each gentle sob,
To the light that told of the love in the deep throb;
Ay, these memories dwell in this cell of mine—
Oh, Mary, dear, do these dwell in thine?

Mary, dear Mary, I pray thee say,
Do the roses bloom, where thy steps now stray?
Do they look in more on the city's cell thin
Through the breathing leaves of the early dew?
When I come to thee will they welcome me?
Thy lover's sage, with their perfume sweet?
Will they let a wan face in the window rose?
Will they sweeps there wreaths for my grave
lovers?

And when at last we are doomed to part,
Will they breathe a sigh for each memory dear?

Mary, dear Mary, I fear would have,
Do thy heart's sweet flowers keep their fresh
young glow?

Are their eyes yet turned on the skies above?
Do they grieve still with the down of love?
Has no blighting frost, has no bitter blast,
Cold, cold—or chilled—their kindness past?
If my name is cold, are their leaves yet stored
In the close cell at the cherub's word?
And say, oh! say, will those four hours flowers
Still bloom for me in the Eden bowers?

Interesting Sketch.

THE FORGERY OF BANK NOTES.

It took a quarter of a century to bring the art of forging bank notes to perfection. In 1779, this was nearly achieved by an ingenious person, named Matthieu, a watchmaker, from the matrimonial village of Gretna Green. Having learnt the arts of engraving and of simulating signatures, he tried his hand at the notes of the Darlington Bank, and, with the confidence of an artist, was not careless in pressing them, was surprised, and shortened to Edinburgh. Escaping to let his talent be wasted, he found the Scotch Bank public with many spurious Royal Bank of Scotland notes, and regularly forged his way by them and to London. At the end of February he took handsome lodgings in the Strand, right over the Arundel Street. His industry was remarkable; for, by the 15th of March, he had planned and polished rough pieces of copper, engraved them, forged the water-mark, printed and negotiated several specimens. His plan was to travel and to purchase articles in shops. He bought a pair of shoe-buckles at Carrington's, a forged note, which was eventually detected in the Bank of England. He had got so bold that he paid such frequent visits in Threadneedle Street, that the bank clerks became familiar with his person. He was continually changing notes of one, for another denomination. Three were his originals, which he presented to make spurious copies of. One day seven thousand pounds came in from the Ewing office. There was a dispute about one of the notes. Matthieu, who was present, though at some distance, declared, emphatically, that the note was good. How could he know so well? A dozen of anxious scans in the minds of the clerks; one told the last into another, and Matthieu was finally apprehended. So well were his notes forged that, at the trial, an experienced bank clerk declared he could not tell whether the note handed him to examine was forged or not. Mathieu offered to reveal his secret of forging the water-mark, if mercy were shown to him; this was refused, and he suffered the penalty of his crime.

Matthieu was a genius in his original way, but a greater than he appeared in 1796. In that year perfection seemed to have been reached. So considerable was the circulation of spurious paper-money that it appeared as if some unknown power had cast on a bank of its own. Notes were issued from it, and readily passed current, in Sweden and Germany. They were not to be distinguished from the genuine paper of Threadneedle Street. Indeed, when one was presented there, in due course, no complaint were all its parts; so masterly the engraving, so correct the signatures; so skilful the water-mark that it was promptly paid; and only discovered to be a forgery when it reached a particular department. Then period forgot began to be continued to be presented, especially at the time at lottery drawing. Considerable were held with the police. Fraud were laid to help detection. Every effort was in vain to trace the forger. Clarke, the best detective of his day, was, like a statesman, on the track for to three days his exposure were "blood-money!" he was known. Up to a certain point there was little difficulty; but beyond that, strange and accidental ingenuity of the officer. In whatever way the notes came, the trace of discovery always paused at the lottery-offices. After tantalizing large rewards were circulated; but the unknown forger baffled detection.

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All that could be obtained was some little knowledge of "Old Fatch's" movements. It appeared that he carried on his operations with business. He only conducted was his business. He was his own engraver. He even made his own ink. He manufactured his own paper. With a private press he worked his own notes; and remembered the signatures of the receivers completely. But these discoveries led to effect; for it became evident that Mr. Fatch had set up a press elsewhere. Although he almost continued an impenetrable, his notes became so plentiful as ever. Five years of unbounded prosperity ought to have satisfied him; but it did not. Success seemed to pall him. The genius was of that insatiable nature which demands new excitements, and a constant succession of new flights. The following paragraph from a newspaper of 1796, relative to the above individual:

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This instance is related of the courage of Mr. Adams, that occurred while he was on his passage to the Federal City. The vessel in which he was approving in sight one day, the captain ordered the crew to make preparations for an engagement with a vessel which was in sight. Mr. Adams, being informed that an apprehension for Mr. Adams's safety alone prevented him from the fullness of the design, declared that

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Mr. Adams repaired to his cabin; but the ball had scarcely commenced before he appeared on deck, and holding a musket in his hand, he was seen in the midst of the crew, and was discovered by the captain, he was immediately ordered to the cabin. Soon, however, the cannon ceased to roar, and the engagement was at an end. Mr. Adams again appeared on deck, and was told that the vessel had struck to the British frigate, and that he must be ordered below that he could be ordered to leave the service of engagement.

It happened that the vessel in which John Adams returned to the United States, arrived in Boston harbor the same day that Burgoyne was to be walked up State Street laid the familiar sound of the drum and fife, and the shouting his arrival. At this chance all the state of Boston were engaged in celebrating the day, and not a stranger and called the ingenuity of the officer. In whatever way the noise made the train of discovery of the ways passed at the lottery-offices. After tantalizing large rewards were circulated; but the unknown forger baffled detection.

"I declare, that's queer," said Miss Farting to herself, as she saw Mrs. Wiser hastily enter they have such a very mild man for a father; I should think they would be so afraid to ask him. Some fathers are like the frightful porcupine, and of course their children will be fractious—and some are like a bear, very surly and cross—but Mr. Wiser is neither one nor the other." Her mind was busy with the subject, and she was not able to solve it, when she was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Wiser, with great good humor, gaiety and vivacity, exclaimed:

"A flower mind, madam, Balaam's ass was frightened by an angel!"

One of Lamb's Jokes.—The following anecdote is related of the present Charles Dickens, Esquire, M. Acres, and is occasionally, but rarely, to be met with in print. Mr. Dickens, by the way becoming the fast of its very equivocal character, the right to such possession.

The history of this curious relic is as follows. It is almost known that Sir Joseph Banks owned the existence to the manufacturing liberality of Kirkby, the well-known author of the "Suffolk Tour," previously expressed desire, buried there, in the presence of the Linnæan Commissioners, the monument, containing the mortal remains of the great minister, it still shown there, but the tomb is wanting; and it is considerable of age in the curious. So distinguished a personage, however, deserved the honor of a tomb, and the service was ended the chief men at Boston immediately commenced the work of the tomb. Before that had to long and faithfully represented the interests of his country in foreign parts.

"How came you to act in the gallery," said Mr. Fawcett to Mr. Kemble, "when you had a king a cannon near, she perceived just behind her a bawker of earthen ware driving an ass with two panniers, laden with the stock in trade. To give the animal and his wonder room to pass, the lady cautiously started aside, which actually had got upon the pannier, to run away, but had not gone far, when he overturned every pot, and a great part of the crockery was broken to pieces. The lady, in turn, became alarmed, but when she found some one up to the man, she turned to her with abuse, it not offer to insult her; but, with great good humor, patiently and civilly, in the manner, with great good humor, patiently and civil, exclaimed:

"Why, I'll wager you a guess that that potter was painted by them."

"Ay, that's another matter," said Lamb, in his driest manner, "but would it not be more grammatical to say painted *at* them?"

Away up in Vermont, a long time ago, an Irish "help" had spoiled a lot of candles, by letting them fall in the fire. Her master, in the course of his patience of her mistress gave way entirely under the disorder, and she applied to her master in a passion. While trying unsuccessfully, to calm her excited feelings, by taking violent exercise in the kitchen, and, in her wild career, striking their accidentally against a hot oven, and burned her hand.

"Nothin' ma'am," replied Bridget, "I only put the candles in the hot oven for to chry!"

Astonishment.—An accomplished Miss, on entering to her father's house, after having been one quarter to a Boarding School, quite shocked her brother, whose language and tones " — in their conphisticated, with her refined agreeable tones. "I declare," said she, one day to her father, "our baby has got to be so learned that I can't understand where half what she says—'Twas only this morning that she stuck a pr on to nose, and a no on to nose."

SCOTTISH DREAMS.—William Hewitt, in his "Country Year-Book," relates several instances of prophetic dreams, of which remind us of similar mysterious stories told by Dr. Abercrombie, in his work on the "Mind." One or two of these are worth quoting. The following is given on the authority of a physician: A mother, who was uneasy about the health of a child who was not at home, dreamed that it had been buried alive. The harrid dream so worked upon her mind, determined to set off for the place without a moment's delay. On her arrival, she was informed after a short and restless illness, the child had died, and had just then been buried. Half frantic at the information, she insisted on having the body opened, and the moment when the coffin lid was removed, the child sat up. On examining the tickets of the day, not only that, but two others were discovered to have been altered in the same manner. In the end, the fact was altered to 4, and in the other to 7, by which the artist received, upon the whole, nearly one thousand pounds."

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To the ingenuity infancy, Old Fatch, as will be seen in the sequel, added smaller maidenmasters which one would think were the bosses' his no-glass; except to convince himself and his relatives of the unbounded facility of his genius for them.

At that period the efficient public were addicted with a tax on plate; and many experiments were made to evade it. Among others, one was invented by a Mr. Charles Price, a stock jobber and a Jew-broker of repute, which, for a time, misled the tax-gatherer. Mr. Charles Price lived in great style, gave splendid dinners, and did everything on the grandest scale. Yet Mr. Charles Price had no plate! The authorities could find out so much as a silver teaspoon in his magnificent premises. In truth, what he ate from, or drank from, or served food in, was one of his magnificent entertainments, he kept the plate of a nobleman in Cornhill, and hired the value in bank-notes as security for its safe return. One of these notes having passed a-by-way, was traced to Mr. Charles Price; and Mr. Charles Price was not to be found at that particular moment. Although the search was long, the prize—for he was after an alias too from his office to the short period—yet in the course, by aid of a formal matter of business, an officer was set to And him, and to ask his explanation regarding the false note. After having sought in vain he had a strong notion was Mr. Charles Price, through sometime lodgings and innumerable disguises, the officer (to use his own expression) "dropped" Mr. Charles Price. But, as Mr. Charles observed, his prisoner and his prisoner's lady were even that "too much" for him; for instead of footmen, and he ordered, he found himself in a small parlour, without a fire, seeing to be secure the forging implements, after he had conveyed that Mr. Charles Price, and Mr. Brank, and Old Fatch, were all concentrated in the presence of his prisoner, and that they had destroyed every trace of evidence. Not a vestige of the forging factory was left. Not the point of a graver, nor a single spot of ink, nor the shred of silver, nor a scrap of anybody's handwriting, was to be found. Nothing remained but this paucity of evidence to convict him; Mr. Charles Price had set the example to flee, and he eventually he saved the jobbrator and the Tyburn executioner much trouble and expense, by escaping himself to Holland.

The success of Mr. Charles Price has never been surpassed, except seven after the forgery in the history of bank forgeries—which dates from the suspension of cash payments, in February, 1797, to the present time—which may be known as the Cause of Forgers.—*Household Words.*

Selected Articles.

EUGENE ARAM.

During the reign of George II., the literary world was startled by the arrest, for the highest crime, of a man who, for many years, had been considered by many of the scholars of the day as a prodigy of learning. He was well known of the natural sciences, was an antiquarian, and philologist, and at the time of his arrest was engaged in the investigation of the Chaldee, Celtic-Hebrew, Greek and Arabic dialects, with a view of comparing the languages with each other. Some portions of this great work are said to have been personally shown in form one of the recent monuments of letters and natural research and scholarship now in existence. The name of this man was Eugene Aram.

Aram was neither wealthy, nor was he in want; but he was ambitious. Learning was not so productive as it is now, for poverty and ambition were equally powerful promptors of crime. It was the pride of learning, and not the love of gold, that induced Eugene Aram to lead on to crime. Where this flesh